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Rhetorical overkill? BLACK ANTI-SEMITISM

John Leo

Purges & protest in Greece THE JUNTA'S YEAR

Maurice J. Goldbloom

Who needs ecumenism? NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

Doris Grumbach

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William Pfaff on Nixon's Chance in Vietnam • Wallace Fowlie on Cocteau • Guenter Lewy on Weimar

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NEWS AND VIEWS

It took the world 25 centuries to reach a population of 750 million; another two centuries to grow to 2.5 billion. Now it could take only 34.6 years for the population to double itself.

If the population increase continues at 2 percent a year, by the year 2000 there could be 7.5 billion people on the face of the earth. In 30-odd years the population would thus double a figure it was over 27 centuries reaching.

The prospect is a sobering one by all yardsticks: food, health, education, general welfare, space. People won't be lined up shoulder-to-shoulder on every inch of dry land by the year 2000, but they might not be far from it.

The remarkable thing is the complacency of national governments.

In July, 1967, the UN General Assembly voted to expand work in the population field, and Secretary-General U Thant announced establishment of a Trust Fund for Population Activities, with a goal of $5.5 million for a five-year period. He asked contributions; 18 months later he is still asking.

Only five of the 126 member nations have contributed to the fund, and the sum of their generosity is just a little over $1 million.

Denmark has donated $100,000; the United Kingdom, $96,000; Sweden, $200,000; United States, $735,000, and Pakistan, 100,000 rupees.

India and the Netherlands have pledged to the fund, but have thus far paid nothing into it.

For all others, not even a pledge.

U Thant said a few weeks ago, "We must conclude from the demographic projections that the task of providing opportunities for the world's as yet unborn children and developing their talents and their capabilities to the full appears in a number of countries well nigh insuperable, unless action is taken to moderate the population growth rate."

No one in the UN disputes him; but no one champions the cause either.

This does not leave the UN's population control program at a stand-still, however. Through 1969, some 20 projects have been scheduled for Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East. Individual countries to benefit from these projects include Algeria, Colombia, Honduras, India, Iraq, Mexico, Morocco and Pakistan.

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It would have been some consolation if new Justice Department official Jerris Leonard had acted out of principle, however tardily grasped, in resigning his memberships in segregated clubs in Milwaukee and Madison. But, no. Leonard listed as his reason for resigning the fact that he was moving to Washington. In Washington, Leonard will be chief of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division (sic).

•

Christopher Chandler scores the Walker Report in *Chicago Journalism Review* as an exercise in "the curious brand of upper-middle-class morality that always contrives to blame society's ills on the character failings of the lower classes—in this case the overworked, underpaid, propaganda-inflamed, badly directed Chicago cop."

Chandler's point is not to whitewash the Chicago police, but to fault the Walker Report for seizing upon the performance of the police as the easy, one-dimensional explanation for last August's chaos.

Chandler writes: "The Walker Report failed to put convention week into perspective. It failed to demonstrate that the city was not under the threat of a fearsome attack: that demonstration leaders—Yippie put-ons aside—never planned or announced intentions of disrupting the city or storming the convention. (And because of this failure, this portion of the Mayor's Big Lie lives on. . .) ." Chandler continues:

"It may be too much for a quasi-governmental commission to itemize the blunders of inept government. But we might have expected a little more reflection on 'lessons for the future' that go beyond the call for punishment of the police. . ."

The summing up: "In some ways the Walker Report provides the most amazing example of dodging the major issues that has been produced in the long history of middle-of-the-road committee studies."

•

An actual check of the statistics shows that youth is nowhere near the domination of American politics, suggested in movies like *Wild in the Streets*. A recent issue of *Fortune* on American youth points out that the median age of the U.S. electorate is about 45, and the median age of those who actually vote may be something like 48. Lowering the voting age to 18 would bring the median age no lower than 43.

The Public Interest, a magazine which is the unofficial voice of the end-of-ideology ideology and which unabashedly announced itself in its first issue as "middle-aged," cites these figures with a certain amount of satisfaction. The satisfaction might be cut short if the editors reflected that these statistics may only suggest how unlikely it is for normal political mechanisms to reflect the activism of youth—and hence how tempting it must be for young activitists to go outside regular political channels.

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Another line for the obituary of the Catholic Association for International Peace.

The CAIP was cited at the recent annual luncheon of the Council on Religion and International Affairs for its witness to peace over many years. Then, in an aside, came the judgment: the parade has passed its point of the reviewing stand.

Some have been saying this for some time; the rebuttal has invariably been heated. Now the words come from a long-time loyalist with episcopal credentials, and with many will pretty much settle the argument. The luncheon speaker was Bishop Wright of Pittsburgh.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Brooklyn's Defense

Brooklyn

To the Editors: This letter takes issue solely with the accuracy of Fr. Duncan's "A Non-Prophet Organization" [Dec. 20]. . .

"All the parishes could be blown up tonight and only two percent of the population would notice it in the morning," the author quotes an unnamed confrere in apparent agreement. Over two percent would go up with them in the blast. Only God knows what proportion would miss them.

The adjectives throughout the article are those of a nineteenth century bigot. "Oak-paneled rectories." A pastor uses the rectory he inherits. It is neither cheaper nor more practical to tear it down.

"Confused white priests." There is sacramental life (Oh, that!), education, religious instruction and cultural activities throughout the Bedford-Stuyvesant parishes. The program could always be more effective. Help, Father, tell us how! Really, maybe not your constituents, but the average parishioners there love their priests with an enviable affection.

"Moneyed Negro children." Black, Father, black. You're not using the "in" term. But parochial schools dealing exclusively with the "moneyed"? For thirty-eight years St. Peter Claver's charged no tuition. Now the exorbitant tariff is Thirty Dollars per year, exactly the charge per month in two neighboring Protestant parochial schools. Who is dealing with the "moneyed"? What an unmerited slap!

"Ill-trained nuns" too is a deft jab, especially when nearly all seventy-five or so thus termed are more experienced in pedagogy than their critic. "Teaching a white Jesus." At least a local bigot had it more accurately in 1944. He chided us for preaching a white, Semitic Jesus, Who belonged exclusively to no race. We were guilty. So are the Sisters. Surely the Christmas cards

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FOR WANT OF A PROGRAM

The consequences of arriving at the presidency on the basis of a vague set of feelings, instead of hard program and clearly defined directions, are beginning to be felt on several fronts of government. After stalling three weeks for a Nixon legislative program, House majority leader Carl Albert finally passes the word to committee chairmen "to start moving on anything they've got"—which isn't much; the only legislative proposal received from the new Administration up to that point was the modest request to extend the Executive Reorganization Act. In Paris, meanwhile, the Nixon negotiating team debuts unprogrammed and unimaginative; the word "deadlock" again gains currency, and Mr. Lodge, settling down to a long stay, checks out indoor swimming pools for his daily workouts. And while the Middle East plunges deeper into the morass of reprisal and counter-reprisal, Mr. Nixon hurries to Walter Reed Hospital to seek advice from an aged and infirm ex-President. The press places benign interpretations on this early indecisiveness of the Nixon Administration, but the harsh fact is inescapable: Mr. Nixon, in the crucial first stage of his Administration, is without both program and direction.

Nothing points up the problem more emphatically than the gap which separates Mr. Nixon and his Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird. Mr. Nixon speaks of "sufficiency" as the American objective in nuclear weaponry; Mr. Laird hears, but insists he is not giving up the idea of "superiority." No mere semantics gap this; the difference between "sufficiency" and "superiority" is the difference between escalation of the arms race, with all the risks which that entails, and the survival of any realistic hope for arms control. By the same token, it is a difference with which no president and defense secretary would seem to be able to co-exist for very long. The fact that the difference surfaced in the very first days of the new Administration may be fortuitous; Mr. Nixon can now believe all that he was warned against in Laird, and be on his guard.

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But whether he is or is not, exposed further is the disturbing superficiality with which he put together his cabinet.

Hardly less a reflection on the new President is his dichotomy towards Communism. While one Mr. Nixon gropes for broader grounds on which the U.S. might cooperate with Russian Communism, the other Mr. Nixon focuses characteristic anti-Communism on Red China, opposing its entrance into the U.N. and limiting presidential interest in the resumption of U.S.-Chinese talks in Warsaw on Feb. 20 to a patronizing concern for "what the Chinese Communist representative may have to say" —an insulting rebuff given Red China's recent feelers for better relations.

The irony here is not only that Mr. Nixon is being pathetically myopic (Communist China, as U Thant reminded just the other day, will develop into a big power, "perhaps even a superpower," within the next decade), but also that he injects the U.S. as an unwitting pawn in the ideological struggle between Russia and China. Donald W. Klein of the East Asian Institute at Columbia University made this point in a recent letter to the *Times*. "For the past three years we have been the object of a concerted 'courtship' by Soviet diplomats and newsmen in the United States," he wrote, "and it has been obvious that the purpose is twofold: to learn about our ties with China and to discourage any improvements in Sino-American relations. Moscow, in short, wants U.S.-China hostility to continue." Klein speculated that "one would think that Mr. Nixon would be prepared to deal with any nation if it were in the interests of the U.S."

He is actually only partially right. If all that were involved were "the interests of the U.S.," one could take or leave Mr. Nixon's proclivities. However, it is the interests of the world which are at stake in this, as in the "sufficiency-superiority" issue and other points of policy. For it is on the world level that the tragedy of a dilettante presidency will ultimately be felt. The Nixon Administration is not beyond hope, but it needs program and direction to give it hope—and needs it without delay.

CONFLICT SITUATION

The rules of the game, we are told, require that a new President enjoy a honeymoon period, with the public, with the press, with the Congress, and perhaps that is fair enough. Nonetheless, and despite the time that has passed, we still have nagging doubts about the way Senatorial approval was given to Governor Walter Hickel of Alaska as Secretary of the Interior and to David R. Packard as Deputy Secretary of Defense.

Our objections take two forms. On Governor Hickel they are unabashedly *ad hominem*. The Governor may be, and certainly should be, acceptable to the Western mining, lumber and oil interests; he is not acceptable to those interested in the conservation of U.S. natural resources. Mr. Hickel himself insisted that he is not interested in conservation for conservation's sake, as he put it, thus establishing an early lead for the position of man-with-foot-in-his-mouth in the Nixon cabinet. Mr. Hickel's record as Governor of Alaska is hardly encouraging on this score, and it might well be wondered why the Senate failed to carry out extensive hearings on his appointment. Perhaps the rumor is correct and the Democrats were in fact secretly delighted at his selection, intending to have a high old time baiting him for the next four years—fine fun for deserving Democrats, no doubt, but little help to the cause of conservation.

The Packard case is something else again. As far as we know, no one makes any personal attack on the new Deputy Secretary of Defense, but in many ways it can be argued that a more important principle was at stake in his case than in that of Governor Hickel. Mr. Packard happens to hold some $300 million in electronic stock, stock whose fortunes are inevitably related to defense policy, whether held in trust or not. What is involved is a mind-set, a way of thinking. One need not suppose that Mr. Packard would be guilty of any crude violation of the conflict of interest laws to suggest that it is grossly wrong for the No. 2 man in the Defense Dept. to have a personal fortune so intimately related to defense decisions. What precisely do the men in Washington think President Eisenhower had in mind when he warned of the growing power of the industrial-military complex? Only a few years ago the Senate forced Robert McNamara to sell $1 million worth of Ford stock and Charles Wilson to sell $2 million worth of General Motors stock before it would approve either man as Secretary of Defense. In the case of Mr. Packard, however, the Senate was apparently so awed by the sight of a man worth $300 million that it confirmed him automatically, 82 to 1, with only Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee dissenting.

Part of the problem, of course, is in the record of Congress itself in this matter of conflict of interest. The Senate is impressive as its committees solemnly grill presidential nominees, but in fact that august body is itself riddled with conflicts of interest and everyone knows it, from the President to the lowliest page boy. Such conflicts range from stock holding in banking, oil

COMING

JAMES H. SMYLIE discusses the perennially vexing question of obscenity and pornography:

"I, for one, have come to doubt the opinion which insists that pornographic material does not contribute to actual sexual degradation, debasement, dehumanization, and even sexual crime. Constant reference to such material must have some effect upon the personality and the style of life in community."

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or transportation companies whose value is directly affected by legislative decisions, to exaggerated fees for law firms with Congressional partners by corporations anxious to promote or stop particular legislation. The Senate does have the responsibility of scrutinizing presidential nominees, but it can hardly perform its full duty in this matter when its own face-saving code of ethics does little to solve a growing internal problem of conflict of interest.

It remains our view, then, that Governor Hickel and Mr. Packard should have received a much more thorough scrutiny and perhaps rejection by the Senate, Nixon honeymoon or no. At the same time, this action should have been matched by a serious effort to provide full and compulsory public disclosure of Congressional funds and income, plus immediate resignations from assorted and profitable law firms, insurance agencies and the like—connections which now lend themselves to conflict situations by our elected Senators and Representatives. In short, the physicians should tackle the conflict of interest mess by first healing themselves.

Barrientos, the Man Who Captured Che

General Rene Barrientos Ortuño is no ordinary *gorilla*. His rise to power in November of 1964 was not via the swift, simple palace coup; it came about by his riding on the horns of a great historic event in Bolivia, the general uprising against the government of Paz Estenssoro whose MNR party had been ruling the country ever since the triumph of the revolution it spearheaded in 1952. Unlike many of his colleagues who have shot their way to the presidency Barrientos did not retire behind a veil of gray once having assumed the office. Being naturally gregarious as well as somewhat bumptious, the general strode intrepidly among the masses, proclaiming himself the political redeemer of Bolivia and urging one and all to lend him their support. To Barrientos it was not sufficient merely to govern. The general's vanity compelled him to seek out the still loftier domain of universal acclaim. If this has eluded him, history, surely has not. Barrientos is a man around whose bullneck history has seen fit to drape itself.

The Bolivian President, who is part Indian, was born into a modest land-owning family in Cochabamba, the agricultural heartland of the country. He still retains many crude country mannerisms, the most pronounced of which is his strident style of speech. Barrientos is more at home with the Quechua Indian dialect than he is with the Spanish language which he grammatically eviscerates. His intellectual torpor is an embarrassment to Bolivians. His compulsive intrepidity is a danger to himself. Yet this starkly deficient man has been able to end the political careers of such prominent individuals as Victor Paz Estenssoro, Regis Debray and Ernesto "Che" Guevara.

What is the politics of this giant killer? The general likes to think of himself as being in the tradition of two former military presidents of Bolivia, Colonel German Busch (1936-1938) and Major Gualberto Villaroel (1943-1946). Both of these men were reform-seeking nationalists who viewed their country's economic enshacklement to the United States as an intolerable evil and who were for that reason overthrown. It is odd that Barrientos sees himself reflected in their mirror. For whatever else is to be found there veracity of image surely, is not. For that, the general would have to put his face to the unflattering mirror of Colonel Enrique Peñaranda (1940-1943). Peñaranda, too, was dullwitted and bullnecked. It was he who in December of 1942 ordered the guns of the Bolivian army to be turned on thousands of striking miners and their families at Siglo Veinte. The entirety of Peñaranda's three-year administration was geared to facilitating the operations of the foreign-owned mining corporations in Bolivia.

Barrientos is the Peñaranda of this epoch. A bare six months after taking power he moved to dismantle the COB (Central Obrera Boliviano), Bolivia's large labor federation. Simultaneously, he ordered government troops to occupy the mining region, an event which led to the massacre of miners at Kami, Milluni, and on two occasions at Siglo Veinte. Foreign investors have thrived under Barrientos. The general has put himself unreservedly in their ample pockets. Along with himself, he has put Bolivia.

Barrientos has cultivated an egregious talent for survival. Sundry assassination attempts have been made on the President's life, though not nearly as many as he would like people to believe. Plots to depose him, both from within the ruling military clique and from without, have been hatched and thwarted with predictable regularity. Throughout the first year or two of his rule the general's political demise was thought in La Paz to be imminent. No one then realized what durable stuff he was made of.

Che Guevara's guerrilla insurrection which broke out suddenly in March of 1967, constituted a challenge but never a real threat to the Barrientos government. The rebel army, operating in the jungles of the southeast, was infinitely too small to subdue the Bolivian army militarily. Likewise it was infinitely too remote to rouse the population politically. What it was able to do, however, was to focus the spotlight of international attention on Bolivia. For the first time ever a Bolivian dictator lost his precious anonymity and was revealed to the world in all his unadorned brutishness. The experience of being stripped naked by foreign hands was doubtlessly a traumatic one for Barrientos and he responded to it by kicking and screaming and battling his adversaries with all his might.

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The violation of the general's propriety began in April of 1967 with the capture of Regis Debray. First there appeared the internationally circulated reports that the French journalist was being subjected to such severe beatings by his captors that blood transfusions were required to revitalize him. Then came the inevitable caravans of European intellectuals and their equally inevitable disparagement of the Bolivian President in whom they all facilely recognized the prototype of the Latin American *gorilla*. To their abrasive words Barrientos responded with abrasive deeds. François Maspero, Debray's French publisher was expelled from the country as were other leftists. European lawyers, including Debray's own father, were prohibited by Barrientos from handling the prisoner's defense. And for good measure the chief executive made Alexandra Janine Debray wait two whole months before deigning to grant her the necessary authorization to visit her son.

In his antipathy to foreigners Barrientos personifies Bolivia. It is a country that bears a profusion of scars inflicted on it by foreigners. In the 1880's Chile warred successfully with Bolivia and took possession of the port city of Antofagasta, leaving Bolivia without an outlet to the sea. In the 1930's the Standard Oil Company, wishing to extend its interests into the Paraguayan Chaco, prodded Bolivia into a war with Paraguay. Bolivia lost that war, too, and with it tens of thousands of its nationals. Were all this not enough, foreign mineral concerns have traditionally kept Bolivia in a state of economic bondage so absolute that the country is able neither to breathe nor budge without difficulty. To the foreigner, Bolivia is synonymous with backwardness. To the Bolivian, the foreigner is synonymous with superciliousness at best and rapacious plunder at worst.

Understandably, the general's peremptory behavior during the guerrilla campaign was a source of great pride to many Bolivians. In full view of the world be eschewed the traditional supineness of Bolivian presidents where foreigners are concerned and put his foot down. Bolivia, he was in effect telling the world, was as sovereign as any country in the world. Sovereign despite its size and backwardness, sovereign despite everything. The general's speeches of that period are shot through with condemnations of the foreign guerrillas who were the principal components of the rebel army and of socialist Cuba by whom they were allegedly financed. Barrientos told Bolivians that they as well as he were being menaced by this foreign conspiracy and that unless they rally to his side they risked disappearing into the gullet of the communist bloc. Many Bolivians were thus frightened away from the guerrillas and driven into the general's waiting arms.

Barrientos knew his people well and was able to manipulate their fears and feelings expertly. One of his major manipulative props was Debray. It was not merely that Debray was an intrusive foreigner that made him easily exploitable by Barrientos but that he was an eminently cultured foreigner whose very presence in Bolivia aroused the Bolivian's sense of cultural inferiority. From the time Debray was captured in Muyupampa to the time of his sentencing the general denounced the journalist as a sanguinary adventurer, a murderous, meddlesome foreigner, and a principal instigator of the guerrilla movement. For no one was his hostility as intense as for Debray. Being sneered at by the Frenchman who stood on top of his pedestal of European culture was an affront the likes of which wildly enraged the general.

In a way Barrientos personally felt less menaced by Che. Like himself the guerrilla leader was a warrior, a man primarily of the gun, not of the pen. If the general was aghast at his aims he was at least at home with his methods. Force is a language in which Barrientos is fluent, a language in which Che was a stutterer. Barrientos, once having bested Che on the field of battle, was able, ultimately to pay posthumous homage to the revolutionary's qualities of heroism and sheer physical stamina. In Che, the general perhaps saw much of his own scheming recklessness, much of his own vaunted fearlessness. But above all he saw the face of the great man stained with failure. To Barrientos it no doubt matters little that he is destined to go down as the Pontius Pilate of Latin America's revolutionary history. He is not bothered by the future. His function is to suppress the present, to preserve the past for nervous predators who have no future.

ROBERT CARL HIRSCHFIELD

(Robert Carl Hirschfield is a free-lance writer who has traveled extensively in South America making a study of conditions there, particularly in Bolivia.)

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Open Letter From French Priests

The twenty-five bishops who met in Paris on December 10th for the winter session of the permanent council of the French episcopate had the same thing uppermost in their minds, and at the top of their agenda: the "letter of the 150"—whose ranks in the meantime had swollen to 621; 621 priests who had decided, collectively and unilaterally, to put an end to their clerical status by claiming their inalienable right to take a job, to engage in politics and to get married.

After a heated discussion, with those bishops who had few or no rebel priests in their dioceses defending their scandalized faithful and wanting to condemn the priests' initiative categorically, and those who knew the signatories personally pleading for understanding and dialogue, a statement was drawn up by the permanent council which reflects the second more tolerant position. Having admitted that our civilization, and the Church, are in a state of crisis, the document states that bishops and priests today

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are questioning their way of life and its relevance to the preaching of the gospel. And for this reason, the bishops plan to hold a special session of their plenary assembly at Pentecost, whose theme will be "The priestly ministry and life." The priests themselves will take part in this debate which, in its preliminary stage, will take the form of a nationwide consultation on a diocesan basis. The document ends, however, by recalling three "essential elements" of the priesthood: its dependence on the episcopal office; its comprehensive character—"the priest is consecrated to the gospel and the eucharist, totally given to his mission"; and its ascetic demands—"the Church asks us, bishops and priests, to renounce power, riches and marriage."

While the bishops were busy preparing this statement they were amazed to read in the evening paper, *La Croix*, an announcement by the signatories of the priests' letter that they planned to hold a "national meeting" in Paris on the weekend of January 11th and 12th, as a first step towards founding the "permanent assembly" of which their letter speaks. The four subjects on their agenda: authority, work, celibacy and politics. The bishops immediately published a curt communiqué in reply: "While we recognize the importance of certain of the problems under discussion, we cannot accept an undertaking which ignores the link between the priesthood and the episcopacy."

In spite of this cold shower, more than half the priests, 332 out of 621, met in Paris on January 11th, as planned, and a further 211 voted by proxy. In its final communiqué handed to the press, the priests' group *Echanges et dialogue* states that two motions were passed. The first, very short, on the aims and future of the assembly, says: "We intend to remain mobilized as long as the cleric is not dead," and, with regard to its organization, that the assembly "will act on a regional basis to decide what must be done to declericalize the priests." The second motion, much longer, is on the first of the four subjects to be discussed, authority. This text makes a clear distinction between "apostolic authority," given by Christ to his Church, an authority of service that shuns all forms of power, domination, riches, etc., and "secular authority," which is that of the ruling class, depending on privilege, social position, wealth, etc. The conclusion of this text reads as follows: "We declare that we do not wish to sever our link with the bishops, but we aim to restore apostolic authority by putting an end to the alienating dependence of the cleric."

Although the communiqué describes the discussions as having been "calm," the hard-core minority who seek the demolition of the existing power structures in the Church were in radical disagreement with the more moderate majority. These limit their attack to the clerical status of the priest and insist that they wish to "remain as priests in the Church."

A proof of the assembly's moderation was given by their decision not to concelebrate Mass. There were six married priests among them, two of whom were accompanied by their wives, and to avoid ostracizing these priests by excluding them from the eucharistic celebration, or provoking the bishops by including them, a compromise was reached. The Lord's Prayer was recited by all and the priests attended Mass in different parishes in Paris.

Unlike the United States where the priests' associations seem to represent one extreme of the ecclesiastical spectrum and the American hierarchy the other, in France it is a minority of the rebellious 600 who are waging an all-out battle against a minority of the hierarchy. Most of the bishops want to reach a compromise, but on one vital point their hands are tied. While there has been no official reaction to the January meeting, in private conversations between the bishops and their priests even the most liberal, like Msgr. Riobé, Bishop of Orleans, have said that the issue of celibacy is too hot to handle. Similar statements, such as the recent unequivocal declaration by Cardinal Alfrink, primate of Holland, to the effect that marriage for the clergy cannot be accepted by a national Church, point to secret directives from Rome, insisting that the celibacy issue remain strictly taboo. Caught between the devil, Rome, and the dark blue sea, the 44,000 priests in France, many of the bishops must be wondering how representative of the totality are the 600, and how long it will take for their patience to wear out.

ALAIN WOODROW

(Alain Woodrow is on the staff of Informations Catholiques Internationales *in Paris.)*

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THIS WAY OUT

It becomes possible to talk about how the war will end. Mr. Nixon proposes that we and North Vietnam negotiate a mutual troop withdrawal, commenting that violence may nevertheless continue. Separate political negotiations between the South Vietnamese government and the National Liberation Front seem in prospect. The import of this would appear to be that American withdrawal can take place even if there is an unresolved situation within Vietnam—even, it may be, if fighting is still going on. A situation is created in which the South Vietnamese themselves, the government, its supporters, and the NLF, must work out the conditions of their own future—a better and more

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realistic course than an imposed arrangement, though very difficult.

What is implied in these developments is an attempt to restore American freedom of action. One of the most damaging of the Johnson Administration's tactics had been to bind America to the Saigon government. On the face of it, the intention was to strengthen that government, to lend to it authority and prestige. A more urgent motive was to strengthen our own political position in the war, legitimizing our intervention. Either way, the result bound us to a government whose interests, private and public, diverged from ours, and gave that government obvious power over our own decisions and policies. The patron-client relationship in international affairs can turn the patron into a client. The Nixon Administration is attempting to disengage.

To disengage is necessary and may also be cruel. The official argument, here and among South Vietnamese officials, is that South Vietnam's present government can deal with its own domestic opponents and requires foreign support only against North Vietnamese intervention. There is both fiction and fact in this. The proportion of fiction to fact is arguable but fairly high. In the event the matter may be tested. It is not inconceivable that an American-North Vietnamese arrangement to withdraw could leave the matter to a military test, unless the South Vietnamese were to make a preemptive accommodation to the NLF. Crisis or capitulation, the United States could, if it felt it necessary to do so, wash its hands of the outcome.

The United States could, to put hard words to it, liquidate this war by abandoning an "intransigent" South Vietnamese government. Given plausible terms of troop withdrawal and apparent North Vietnamese compliance, and if Saigon seemed to be making itself the obstacle to a full settlement, the United States might pull out. Popular feeling against the war among Americans could easily be displaced onto the Saigon authorities. This would, no doubt, be a matter of only half-conscious cynicism and expedience. Americans would then have even less reason for pride in the way we got out than we already can feel for the way we got in. But I see no reason to think that either the American public or government is incapable of cutting Saigon adrift. There already has been bitter press comment and Congressional criticism of Saigon because the South Vietnamese successfully delayed substantive negotiations in Paris until the Nixon inauguration.

Saigon in fact risks badly misreading American public opinion. Our whole national frustration with this war, our anxiety and wrath, could become perversely displaced upon Saigon. Saigon has already made one mistake. They apparently believed that Mr. Nixon would be less anxious to end this war than the Democrats were. But the new Administration surely understands that to continue the war would destroy them as mercilessly as it destroyed the Johnson Administration.

The success or failure of the Nixon Administration almost certainly depends on settling this war promptly. I would suspect that this is so obvious as to be beyond comment in the White House. There are grave problems of method which remain, but a bad settlement still is better than no settlement. And Mr. Nixon has no need to justify past decisions; it was the Democrats' war and the Republicans now will end it. The Nixon mandate is peace. The first Nixon action, even before the inauguration, was to agree to talks over an unadorned round table—a blow to Saigon. The President's Inaugural Address spoke only of peace. Ambassador Lodge will certainly be tough in the negotiations, there will be some tough talk in Washington, and some quiet threats to Hanoi about the consequences of failed negotiations. But the toughness is tactical. Washington has no reasonable alternative to settlement. The military option has been discredited; no one in Washington can believe that more war of any kind would produce a quick victory; and if there can't be a quick victory there will have to be a settlement.

Yet with all of this said, it remains that we, and South Vietnam's non-Communist majority, and even the men, good and bad, who now hold office in Saigon, may still have some luck. A political settlement could emerge which represents a reasonable compromise of the still very complicated array of forces at work within the South. A localized partition—a "federal" solution with, in effect, dual government of the country—or a genuine coalition with a reasonable life-expectancy, could still come out of this. Re-escalation of the war may be an unreal alternative for the United States—but can the Communists be quite sure? And the Communists must buy our way out. More than 500,000 Americans are in Vietnam. A political price can, if we wish, be extorted for their complete removal. The majority of people in South Vietnam still must be reconciled to the NLF. For all their fratricidal struggles of the last 20 years, and their devastating inability to compromise with one another, the majority of South Vietnamese give no evidence of unalloyed enthusiasm for NLF rule.

For America at least, we may, I think, feel some confidence that the end is in sight. The outcome may bring us no credit —doing much harm and leaving things worse than when we came. The ordeal of the Vietnamese may not be ended. But peace—of whatever kind—is, I think, in sight.

A final word must be said about Lyndon Johnson. He not only stopped the bombing and went to Paris, but he agreed to talk with the NLF, agreeing finally to sit down over a round table. He did the hard things—things that were hardest of all for him to do, convinced as he was that the war was right and necessary. But he cleared the way for Mr. Nixon, removing from partisan controversy and counterattack these basic steps of policy reversal. Americans, and President Nixon, must respect the largeness in these final official actions.

WILLIAM PFAFF

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THE JUNTA'S YEAR

Mini-amnesties and maxi-purges in Greece

MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM

Although the military junta ruling Greece seized power on April 21, 1967, it had to share some part of its power with the King almost until the end of that year. Only since the failure of the King's attempted counter-coup have the colonels been totally in charge. 1968 was *their* year of power. And what was supposed to be the "International Year of Human Rights" was in Greece a year of the consistent denial of those rights.

It was a year of mini-amnesties and maxi-purges, of political trials following one another in quick succession while the regime itself faced trial before an international court, of a new constitution imposed through a classic totalitarian plebiscite—and of another unscheduled plebiscite, less to the regime's liking, when 300,000 Athenians turned out for the funeral of the spokesman of Greek democracy, George Papandreou. It was also a year in which Washington's social hesitations in regard to the junta—but not those of this country's European allies—were gradually eroded in the name of *Realpolitik*.

Much of the regime's verbal activity during the year was concerned with the new constitution. A committee of jurists appointed for this purpose brought in its draft at the end of December 1967; the junta was so little pleased that it postponed publication of the proposals until March 15. Not that the junta objected to the many undemocratic features of the committee draft. But the proposals, drawn up before the King's unsuccessful counter-coup, left more power to the monarch than the junta was willing to give him.

Then the junta announced that there would be a period of absolutely free debate on the constitution, after which the junta would revise it in the light of the discussion. A number of the leading political figures of the country, headed by former Premiers George Papandreou and Panayotis Kanellopoulos, took advantage of the opportunity to express their disapproval of the draft and the procedure which the government proposed to use in adopting the new charter. Their comments were not published, or appeared only in distorted form, and they were imprisoned or placed under house arrest. In contrast, a State Department spokesman "welcomed" the draft and added, "We are further pleased to note that comments from the Greek people and the press on the draft of the constitution are being encouraged." This was one contribution to the discussion the junta was glad to publish.

Although the junta's own draft was promised for the end of June, it actually appeared in mid-July. It differed from the committee version principally in giving no power at all to the King, increasing the authority of the government at the expense of Parliament, and giving the armed forces a major role in the government while making them largely autonomous. Its provisions for the protection of human rights and civil liberties were not only hedged about with all sorts of restrictions; all civic rights and legal protections could be taken away from anyone who "abused" them. The "completely free discussion" of the constitution which the junta had promised continued on the same basis as before; anyone was free to say or write anything he wished about the draft, so long as it was favorable. The government also repeatedly promised that all the imprisoned political leaders would be released in time to participate in the discussion and to oppose the constitution "if they dared."

On September 16 the junta published the revised version of its draft on which the people were to vote on September 29. It included one major change from the July draft. In July the junta had retained the power to decide when the new constitution would go into force,

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but now it decreed that this would occur immediately after its adoption in the plebiscite—except that the provisions for the protection of civil liberties, the establishment of political parties, elections, and parliamentary rule were to be indefinitely suspended. The new draft also eliminated a provision in the earlier one banning anyone who had ever been a citizen of any other country from participating in Greek civic life. This provision had been aimed at Andreas Papandreou, a former American citizen, but Archbishop Iakovos of the Greek Orthodox diocese of North America protested that the Greek government must not treat Greek-Americans as foreigners, and the provision was eliminated.

On September 23 the promised amnesty for political leaders took place: *seven* were released, including former Premiers Papandreou and Kanellopoulos. Six days might seem a short time for the freed leaders to participate in the constitutional "debate"—but the government made clear that they were not to use the time in that way. Premier Papadapoulos declared, "I hope they will not make another false step and force me to put them away again."

The plebiscite showed the expected overwhelming "yes" vote; each voter received two ballots, one "yes" and one "no." In the rural areas the fact that the local gendarme might ask to see which ballot the voter had not deposited in the box was enough to assure unanimity. In the Athens-Piraeus area, however, there were foreign observers at many polling places; as a result only 77.3 percent of the voters in the area were officially recorded as voting for the constitution. Even more significant, 22.3 percent of the voters in the country as a whole failed to go to the polls in spite of the fact that voting was compulsory and the government had threatened severe sanctions against non-voters. (Greeks knew that this was not an empty threat; the junta had removed people from their jobs *for having failed to vote in the elections of 1946.*) All those who failed to vote have now been ordered to submit written explanations; if these are not satisfactory they will be subjected to such civil sanctions as loss of automobile permits and driving licenses, and will also be liable to criminal prosecution and imprisonment.

Andreas Papandreou, freed at the end of December 1967, left Greece shortly thereafter and soon took a leading role in the opposition to the junta outside Greece and to some extent inside the country as well. In February he announced the formation of the Pan-Hellenic Liberation Movement (PAK) to unite all opponents of the junta within Greece and abroad. PAK later made an agreement for cooperation with the Patriotic Front, an organization which was closely related to the pre-coup Union of the Democratic Left (EDA). Nevertheless a number of underground organizations continued to work more or less independently of one another, although in most cases their relations were friendly. There was, however, one exception: the Greek Communist movement split, and a large majority of Communists and Communist sympathizers both in Greece and in exile broke with the Moscow-backed leadership of Koastas Koliyannis. (Neither Koliyannis nor any member of his Politburo had been in Greece since 1948.) EDA and the Patriotic Front, through which the Communists had worked, also rejected the Moscow leadership. The Koliyannis group attempted, with rather little success, to claim the name of the Patriotic Front for a rival underground group it established under its own control; it had little following in the country. The split originated in differences over policy in Greece, and especially in the demand of those within the country for control over their own organizations and policies. But it soon extended to other issues; EDA, the Patriotic Front, and a number of the leading Communists imprisoned in Greece vigorously protested against the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Some small groups worked in isolation from the major political blocs. One such group seems to have been responsible for the unsuccessful attempt of Alexander Panagoulis to assassinate Premier Pappadopoulos. The Premier explained the failure of the attempt on theological grounds. "You may be certain," he said, "that as long as God, who is a philhellene, links my life with the interests of Greece, I will be safe. God has always been a philhellene, and it is proved that he continues to be so, to the embarrassment of the enemies of Greece."

Panagoulis took the stand at his trial to assert that he had acted entirely alone, and to ask that the death sentence be imposed on him. He also described the extreme tortures to which he had been subjected and asked that they be verified by medical examination. Although he was sentenced to death—not, ostensibly, for the assassination attempt in which nobody was injured but for desertion from the armed forces and plotting to overthrow the government—worldwide pressure led to a commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment. There are reports that he is being subjected to continuing torture.

The junta continued to maintain itself with almost no support outside the armed forces; with the exception of Panayotis Pipinellis, who had accepted the Foreign Ministry at the time of the Cyprus crisis of 1967, not one major political figure had publicly cast his lot with the colonels. But the underground opposition also failed to achieve active mass support; Greeks on the whole opposed the regime but were effectively isolated by its repressive techniques.

However, the death of George Papandreou served as a catalyst to mass opposition. Papandreou had, at the age of eighty, maintained his intransigent opposition to the junta in spite of repeated periods of house arrest which his friends believe significantly hastened his death. More than any other man he symbolized the desire of the Greek people for the return of democracy and freedom, and in death he rallied them to that cause even more eloquently than in life. Some fifty thousand Athen-

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ians crowded the cathedral and the square in front of it for his funeral services; at least a quarter million more lined the route of the funeral cortege to the cemetery. In the cathedral itself political leaders of all groups came to pay their respects or if they—like Mikos Theodorakis, who was under house arrest, and the self-exiled Constantine Karamanlis—were absent, they sent wreaths.

Papandreou's old friend and opponent Panayotis Kanellopoulos told the mourners "I bow before George Papandreou in the name of our past conflicts, all of which took place within the arena of democracy." And from the throng in the square and along the route there were cries of "Democracy" and "You will always be our leader." Others shouted "Today is the day we vote NO!" And at the grave some cried out "Papandreou, now you are free!" while several hundred young people took up the shout, "The giant is fallen; he leaves an heir, Andreas! Liberty! Liberty!" Now people knew that they were not alone in their opposition to the junta; there seemed little doubt that far more of them would henceforth be ready to give that opposition an organizational form, in spite of the ever-present danger of imprisonment and torture.

Washington and Strasbourg

In Washington, developments in Greece were followed with a benevolent eye. At the beginning of the year the United States hastened to give the regime full diplomatic recognition in spite of the flight of the King whose presence had theretofore been the State Department's official excuse for accepting the junta as a legitimate government. Toward the end it almost stealthily renewed full military aid, on the pretext that the adoption of the new constitution represented progress toward the restoration of democracy.

In Strasbourg, however, the Council of Europe and the European Commission on Human Rights took a different point of view. The Assembly of the Council of Europe declared on September 26 "that the draft constitution drawn up by the Greek Government does not conform to democratic principles; that the conditions in the months preceding the referendum on the draft constitution have made a free and democratic campaign impossible . . . and that it cannot therefore be considered as a free expression of the popular will." It condemned "the continued refusal of the Greek Government to reestablish human rights and fundamental freedoms and to ensure the rapid return to a democratic parliamentary regime." Expressing "solidarity with the Greek people in its present plight and especially with those who are the victims of repressive measures," it placed the question of possible suspension of Greece from membership in the Council of Europe on its agenda for January 1969.

Meanwhile the Commission on Human Rights took up the charges which had been brought against the Greek regime in 1967 by the Scandinavian countries; consideration of them had been delayed by the junta's unsuccessful challenge to the Commission's jurisdiction. During December the Commission heard numerous witnesses describe the tortures and other violations of human rights which had taken place in Greece under the junta, while others contradicted the colonels' assertion that their overthrow of Greek democracy and suppression of human rights had been justified by a danger of Communist insurrection. The Commission planned to hold further hearings in January.

Internally, the junta is likely to face increasing difficulties in the coming months. The Greek economy has seriously deteriorated since the coup; not only has there been a sharp drop in the economy's growth rate, but serious balance of payments difficulties have developed and there has been a rise of more than a third in currency in circulation and a quarter in bank credit. Only the depressed state of the economy has prevented this inflation of the money supply from being reflected in higher prices. Meanwhile a major part of the country's financial reserves have been dissipated; the junta has concealed this by the transfer of funds from the secret gold sovereign internal stabilization fund to the official reserves, by pawning some $70,000,000 worth of the gold reserve and including both the gold and the money borrowed against it, and by counting in its reserves about $50,000,000 more borrowed abroad on terms requiring that it be left on deposit with the lenders.

At the same time, the demonstration at the Papandreou funeral has paved the way for the development of a resistance movement which will be able to organize the discontent which the junta's economic malfeasance seems likely to produce. The junta has been rather desperately trying to escape from its economic predicament with the aid of foreign capital. So far its efforts in this direction have been notably unfruitful: the Litton contract, which was ballyhooed as promising an investment of $850,000,000, has produced less than 1 percent of that amount in its first twenty months. The new Onassis agreement appears to provide for approximately forty million dollars a year investment—but even this relatively small sum is not promised by Mr. Onassis, but is mostly to be raised by him from others. And there is no guarantee that he will be any more successful in luring foreign investors than Litton has been.

Under the circumstances, we may soon see the junta trying to parlay its political ties with Washington into loans and grants. One cannot, of course, tell what Washington's response will be; certainly there will be strong pressures from some State Department and Pentagon circles in favor of playing Santa Claus to the colonels. But one may doubt if the fiscal atmosphere will be congenial to that sort of generosity. The colonels may even find themselves driven to make concessions to their people.

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Ecumenism, who needs it?

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

DORIS GRUMBACH

These days my life is almost equally divided between the anguish of looking on at the events in the Church (the viper's tangle of Cardinal O'Boyle and his chastised priests in Washington, Archbishop Lucey and his priests in Texas, Cardinal McIntyre and Bishop Shannon, the Curia and its plans for trying Father Schillebeeckx on suspicions of heresy, Archbishop Cooke and his "transfer" of Msgr. Kelleher to the quiet fastness of Westchester, the apostolic administrator of the diocese of Albany dismissing the newly organized priests' association in his diocese as absurd because canon law does not provide for its existence) and the delights of reading for a seminar in Mark Twain I give to senior English majors. From Twain I expected a measure of emotional relief, a sense of participation in his relaxed nostalgia for the past, the communicated peace of a vision directed backward for satirical light upon the present. His distance, I thought, would lend enchantment to the view.

But *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* brought me up short, and ended my hope of retreat into comfortable literary escape. Because in this work Twain is dealing with, among many other things, the question of Christian unity, ecumenism, although he didn't know the word. In 1889 he called this a terrible danger, the danger of one united religion, "the same old Established Church." Very early in the book Hank Morgan, the Connecticut Yankee, now transported to sixth-century England by a blow on the head, sets up a new scheme of Sunday Schools under "a complete variety of Protestant congregations all in a prosperous and growing condition. Everybody could be any kind of a Christian he wanted to; there was perfect freedom in that matter . . . I could have given my own sect the preference and made everyone a Presbyterian without any trouble, but that would have been an affront to human nature. Spiritual wants and instincts are as various in the human family as are physical appetites, complexions, and features, and a man is only at his best, morally, when he is equipped with the religious garment whose color and shape and size most nicely accommodate themselves to the spiritual complexion, angularities, and stature of the individual who wears it; and besides I was afraid of a united Church; it makes a mighty power, the mightiest conceivable, and then when it, by and by, gets into selfish hands, as it is always bound to do, it means death to human liberty, and paralysis to human thought."

This careful and lengthy delineation of Twain's multichurch principle follows by a chapter his corruscáting view of that "most awful of powers, the Roman Catholic Church," which Hank finds in the saddle in King Arthur's time. "In two or three little centuries it had converted a nation of men to a nation of worms," he says. The church had "invented 'divine right of Kings,' and propped it all around, brick by brick, with the Beatitudes —wrenching them from their good purpose to make them fortify an evil one," and by this means "introduced heritable ranks and aristocracies, and taught all the Christian populations of the earth to bow down and worship them."

This diatribe, which neatly combines Twain's twin hates—aristocracy and the Roman Catholic Church—ends with Hank Morgan's last scheme, "the vastest of all my projects . . . to overthrow the Catholic Church and set up the Protestant on its ruins—not as an Established Church, but as a go-as-you-please one." Clearly it is not Protestantism as such that he admires but the multiplicity of its forms.

I like *A Connecticut Yankee.* Almost every sentence of it amuses me. It is almost impossible to find a dull sentence in it; in fact, to track down a truly boring sentence in all thirty-seven volumes of Mark Twain's writing is wearisome work. After almost three hundred pages (in *Christian Science*) of invective against Mary Baker Eddy and *her* Established Church which he feared because in this day it was growing and spreading rapidly, and he foresaw a day when it would divide the available power with the Roman Church, it is still possible to be amused. But Twain's profound worries about One Church struck me hard. I could no longer read the book without a certain sense of loss of what I had hoped would be pure pleasure. Like Hank Morgan I had been removed ten centuries only to find back there my old nagging doubts restored to me. Emerson was right, travel only brings you up even with yourself.

For what was Twain raising but my own worries about ecumenism, if the Catholic Church's present form is to be the umbrella under which it will be accomplished? How can we regard the prospect of One Established Church, in which all our dogmatic differences are resolved, in which our historical suspicions are laid to rest, as any-

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thing but a greater "and more awful power," a hundred times more united and more powerful than the Catholic Church has been since the Reformation? (St. Paul's letters seem to suggest that the early Church was not the model of unity that modern Catholics fondly like to imagine it was.)

And with the security of added numbers, how are we to avoid what Robert Ardrey, in another connection, speaks of as "a sense of central position"? He means the sense a child has of itself which, if maintained in its relations with the rest of the world, will keep it from maturing. It is this sense of central position that has, I suspect, kept the Catholic Church from attaining a mature sense about the rest of the world, especially the non-Christian world, and, perhaps even, is responsible for its attitude toward what it used to call the heretics, the Protestants. It seems to me entirely possible that the greater numbers of a united Church will make for greater arrogance, with the arrogance that multitudes often lend to institutions, and a greater sense of centralicity on this planet than it now has.

If union is accomplished (as Robert McAfee Brown points out in his remarkable recent review of the subject, *The Ecumenical Revolution*) by means of true repentance and humility on the part of both parties, it is, it seems to me, to be dreaded rather than anticipated. If anything could have resolved my foreboding it would be Dr. Brown's judicious survey of all the wrongs on both sides, and all the conditions under which union could be effected, but alas, it merely served to make me see the vast chasm between the ideal and the real, and to doubt the structure's ability to be any different in the future from what it has been, and is now.

Recently Dr. Brown applauded the response to the encyclical in the Church as a heartening sign to Protestants that the Roman Church was not as monolithic and as unified as they had thought. But witnessing official, hierarchic reactions to the encyclical I shudder at the prospect of the same strictures, the same control prevailing over the prospectively reunited Christian world.

Not surprisingly therefore, I am less worried than other persons about the remaining obstacles to a union (i.e., the failure of many to abandon in their thinking the doctrine of "the one true Church" which by its nature is not reformable, persistence of the old urge to conversion, the appeal to "return," the militant determination to wait for total surrender, the new loyalty oath to the hundred-year-old authority of papal infallibility, etc.) and more concerned, *from the point of view of present structure,* that these obstacles will not hold firm against union. At this moment in postconciliar life, after the Church has, fortunately, declared the relativity of its own truths ("When comparing doctrines with one another, [Catholic theologians] should remember that in Catholic teachings there exists an order or 'hierarchy' of truths, since they vary in their relationship to the foundation of the Christian faith," *Decree on Ecumenism*) the administrative power of the Church is asserting just as firmly *by its actions* that all Catholic truth is on the same level of importance, the 1950 bull of Pius XII on the assumption of the Virgin and *Humanae Vitae,* and must be equally obeyed. So I worry about the power of the effective act, not the word; I worry that the word will unite us, under false pretenses, only to have effective action rescind the new freedom of decrees. The "separated brethren" will then have been as betrayed by our words as have been the hopeful after Vatican II.

Dr. Brown sees great hope in the Decree on Ecumenism's call for Catholics to "understand the outlook of our separated brethren," hope for cooperation and common worship, and this hope would not be misplaced if we were not now witnessing the distressing aftermath of the Council that wrote the decree. The hierarchy, in its fear for its own effective power, finds it impossible to "understand the outlook" of its own ordained members and "faithful." Are we truly to expect that this same Establishment, or one similarly constructed, ruling over a mammoth Church, would be better able to legislate in a relevant fashion? Will it be less fearful because the numbers are multiplied, because it has been lulled into security by them?

It may be a hereditary fear which lies deep in my ancient hebraicism, but I look upon a united Christiandom as a Terror to be afraid of if it bears any resemblance to the structure of the Church now. If I were Jew or Hindu, Moslem, African tribesman or Confucian I would tremble at the prospect of *unitatis redintegratis,* watching a strongly united, hierarchically-arranged Church deal now with its dissenters.

True Spirit of Ecumenism

Against my dread (which was Twain's too), born of the practice of the Church, not of the pure theory of ecumenism (for that Greek word once meant "the whole inhabited earth" and has now come to mean "interest in Christian and Church unity," I learn from Brown's book), I put all the good things to hope for, not from union but from the existence of an ecumenical spirit, a unity of all our joint human concerns. Brown points out that ecumenism had its start in Protestant desire for more effective mission activity. If this same concern for working together toward similar social ends is what ecumenism comes to, there would be no reason to fear. If it is to be a widespread understanding of our differences, and sympathy toward them so that they come to make no real difference, I am all for it. If it is dialogue rather than the present monologue of the Catholic Church, fruitful and reassuring so that it takes away rancor, hatred, distrust, I will have it, and yes, let us have intercommunion between groups. But not One Communion, squeezing all difference and dissent into one dogmatic procrustean bed. I find myself hoping the Protestants,

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and all others invited "to return," will not accept the episcopacy, that they will take careful note of the trouble we are having with it.

Let us accept Luther's "the priesthood of all believers" in the widest, most communal sense, not excluding the non-Christian world, and seek the grace of multiplicity under God rather than the dubious security of unilateralism under the Vicar of Christ. Let us, in the words of the segregationist, entertain the notion of "separate but equal," realizing that to the rest of the world there must be, in the light of our past conduct, a certain security in our remaining that way. (In fact the rest of the world, most recently the atheist world, should take comfort in the announcement the other day that the Vatican would seek colloquia with it. Talk is possible apparently as long as the atheists stay out from under the Vatican's shelter. Once in, the dialogue may well stop abruptly.)

Dr. Brown says that the word ecumenism has "also been used to indicate an attitude of good will and concern for all men," and I would like to settle for this limited (or unlimited) non-organizational, non-structural meaning. I fear the old integralism that seems inherent in the structure now. I fear the god of tradition and rhetoric (to use Emerson's phrase) on whom the structure rests. Brown sees integralism as an "attitude of rigidity, particularly in matters of doctrine, a desire to imprison truth in modes of speech from the past and thrust them unchanged on the future," and I offer the definition as a defining characteristic of all Established Churches.

What might save us all, I think, is nonecumenical structures existing within an ecumenism of spirit in some of the senses I have suggested, extending to the whole earth, designed to exalt the integrity of variegated belief and practice, a coming together perhaps on occasion to celebrate our differences of view, a catholic (i.e., *kataholon,* concerning *the whole*) coexistence of millions of diverse souls, communely inhabiting the perfect freedom of an Overpeace.

Among Jews, frenzy is probably not too strong a word

BLACK ANTI-SEMITISM

JOHN LEO

Negro anti-Semitism has quickly become the Number One political issue in New York City. Largely because of it, Mayor Lindsay is now booed wherever he goes from a hockey game to a reception for the Jets. As long ago as early fall, he was quoted as telling Jewish leaders bitterly that they had forced him "to use all my credit cards among Negroes." (The quote was later denied.) Now he goes from synagogue to synagogue in an effort to soothe a Jewish community that finds itself in high anxiety, if not frenzy, about Negro hatred for Jews.

Frenzy is probably not too strong a word. Jewish friends, whom I have never heard raise the subject, now assure me that American Jews are about in the same position as German Jews when Hitler came to power. One, apparently echoing a widespread fear, gave me a long explanation of how the Gentile was determined to raise the black man at the Jews's expense, so that Gentiles and blacks could turn on the Jew together. Another told me he valued my friendship because I am "one of the people who will help get my children out when the pogrom comes to New York."

The same adrenalin flows among leaders of the Jewish service organizations. One told me Murray Kempton was "a son of a bitch" for finding an Anti-Defamation League report on black anti-Semitism incoherent and inconclusive. Another reportedly called Thomas Hoving, director of the Metropolitan Museum, "a racist bastard" to his face, after an anti-Semitic remark was somehow allowed to stand in a teen-age Negro girl's introductory essay to a museum catalogue. And, as if to show that rhetorical overkill is contagious, last fall's Democratic Senate candidate, Paul O'Dwyer, asked the City's Human Rights Commission to investigate Columbia's alumni magazine because of a long article that mentioned, in passing, that Mark Rudd and "nearly all the leaders" of SDS at Columbia are Jewish. Even out of context this seems harmless enough, and not exactly a revelation, but O'Dwyer found it "designed to widen the breach that threatens to destroy our way of life." The *Times* found it too irrelevant to publish.

Such is the emotional context in which the discussion is taking place. How did it get that way? The key step was a decision by Albert Shanker, head of the United Federation of Teachers, to reproduce and circulate in mass quantity, a few anti-Semitic handbills published by blacks during the school crisis. This long, complicated dispute pitted a largely Jewish union against a pugnacious group of community leaders in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, a Negro ghetto. Before Shanker blanketed the city

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with half a million of the hate sheets to arouse the Jewish community, the issue had not entered the public consciousness as a stark Negro-Jewish battle, though the ingredients were there. Anti-Semitic sallies by LeRoi Jones and the SNCC leadership had alerted the Jewish community nationally to the possibility of black frustration pouring into the ancient mold of anti-Semitism, even though there was scant evidence that the possibility was becoming reality. And Jews were well aware that by the accident of the city's social history, the vast bureaucracies which irritate the Negroes most—schools and welfare, primarily—are disproportionately Jewish. By another accident, Negroes in the ghetto come into disproportionate contact with Jewish landlords and entrepreneurs. To paraphrase Murray Kempton, it became easier for the Negro to blame his troubles on the Jewish jeweler on 125th Street, instead of on the WASP executives who really own the town.

At any rate, it was Shanker's handbills that provided the spark. There are varying assessments of the intelligence of the action. Shanker's position, now largely shared by the Jewish community, is that the anti-Semitism in Ocean Hill was dangerously strong and growing rapidly, with the assent, or at least the silence of the liberals, the Churches and the city administration. It had to be brought into the open so New Yorkers could see the issue as it really is.

My own interpretation is that Shanker manipulated the issue to bolster the sagging fortunes of his school strike, turning a limited labor-management question into a city-wide ethnic quarrel by playing on the fears of New York Jews. In the weeks that followed, Shanker and his union allowed no sidewalk racist comment by an anonymous Negro to go unchronicled. Anonymous blacks have never had such access to the New York press. Each new quote culled by Shanker from some sidewalk bard (one or two a day apparently being enough to show a trend) somehow became linked to the rectitude of the union and the need to remove Rhody McCoy as unit administrator of the Ocean Hill-Brownsville experimental school district.

Naturally enough, Negroes felt that the white man had once again come up with a spectacular last-minute trick to avoid hearing a legitimate grievance. But by now, anti-Semitism had been defined as the issue, and McCoy and his associates were reduced to feeble attempts to prove the negative—that they are not anti-Semitic, and that one or two anonymous blacks do not a wave of anti-Semitism make.

Calling one's opponent anti-Semitic in New York is equivalent to labeling someone a pinko while Joe McCarthy was riding high. It is probably the most explosive charge one can level in this city, and presumably ought to be supported by careful evidence. None of this has been offered by the teacher's union, or by two "studies" that a casual newspaper reader might believe have verified Shanker's worst fears. An 11-page report to the mayor by a Special Committee on Racial and Religious Prejudice found an "appalling amount" of bigotry, which captured the headlines without backing them up with any evidence. This was followed by the Anti-Defamation League's vague and unsubstantiated report that anti-Semitism had reached a "crisis level" in New York. The ADL promises to present full evidence in the spring, but one would appreciate seeing some of it now, while the fanning of Jewish fears is becoming a major sport.

If the city were blessed with a slightly less hysterical political climate, it might have decided that a conclusion of "crisis level" anti-Semitism among Negroes, based on a few anonymous scurrilities, is the kind of racial smear that cries out for the attention of a group like the Anti-Defamation League. Else we invite the creation of a Negro Anti-Defamation League that will find a "crisis" in Jewish business ethics because two color TVs have been repossessed without cause.

The simple fact is that we do not know whether anti-Semitism is a significant factor in the Negro community, though we are entitled to suspect that Shanker and the ADL may easily make it so. All of the national surveys that we have show that Negroes are less anti-Semitic than whites. The last important study, done in 1964 on commission from the American Jewish Committee and released a year ago, supports this conclusion. One finding is that from a fifth to a quarter of Negroes surveyed in four major cities, including New York, think Jews are better to deal with as storeowners and shopkeepers than Gentiles, and only 7 percent think the opposite. One would hope, but not expect, to get that favorable an impression of Jews from a poll of Irish or Italian Catholics.

Climbing the Ladder

These polls surely reflect a Negro awareness of the Jewish community's wholehearted commitment to the civil rights struggle, at least until the emergence of Black Power. Just what has happened between the two ethnic groups since has yet to receive a non-hysterical analysis, and the surveys are not yet in. But it can be said that as Black Power has made Negroes aware of the way each ethnic group pushes its way up the ladder at the expense of the one on the rung above, the black cause has appeared as anti-Irish in Boston, anti-Italian in Newark, and anti-Jewish in New York. (In Newark, some blacks refused to believe that the civil liberties activist, Henry DiSuvero is of Italian ancestry, because he seemed so fairminded.

Murray Friedman's essay in the January issue of *Commentary* can be read as a gentle reminder to Jews along these lines: that what appears as classic anti-Semitism among New York blacks should not be interpreted in the light of the six million dead in Hitler's Europe, but in the light of the normal roughhouse of good old American ethnic politics tied to the consciousness of Black Power.

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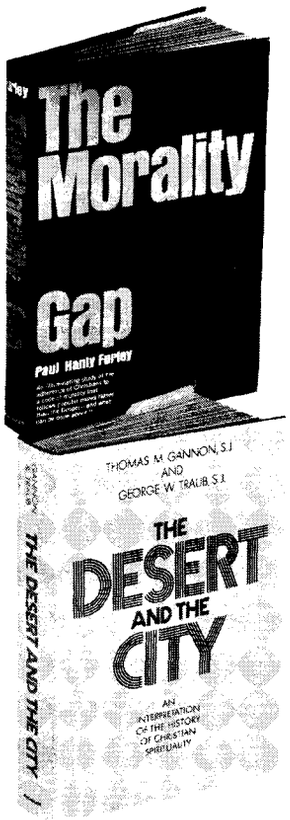
David Rogers, whose four-year sociological study of the New York school mess was published as the book, *110 Livingstone Street*, concluded that blacks are right in thinking that the examining and tutoring system of the schools help perpetuate Jews in power. (He was talking not of anti-black or anti-Puerto Rican prejudice but of the subtle inertia of the status quo.) In the schools, he wrote "Irish power up to the 1930s was gradually replaced by Jewish power through the 1960s, and it will soon be replaced by black and Puerto Rican power." To put it harshly, if the Jews could pressure the Irish to move over, the blacks should be able to pressure the Jews a bit without evoking Hitler.

After all, since the Jewish-commissioned studies have shown the black man to be remarkably free of the classic Christian and economic anti-Semitism, one would expect the Jewish groups which did the commissioning to believe their own reports until something more than Albert Shanker and his orchestration of a few anti-Semitic remarks tip the balance to the other side.

The performance of the Jewish service organizations has been dismal. To my knowledge only one leader of their number, Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum of the American Jewish Committee, spoke up to say that Shanker had manipulated Jewish insecurity by turning a labor question into one of anti-Semitism. (The statement was denied, or clarified out of existence, the next day, preserving the common front, but a tape of his remarks showed he was accurately reported.)

In sum, this is not Weimar Germany, and it is no disrespect to the six million to say so. The insecurity of New York Jews, as revealed in the current furor, bears no relation to their social or economic status today, nor to the respect they have as the ethnic group that has contributed most to the intellectual and social life of the city. As a friend said recently, "I never thought I'd live to see New York Jews running around in circles like a bunch of *Brooklyn Tablet* Catholics."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DOWN IN THE MOSCOW

THE SCREEN

It's unfortunate that Sidney Lumet who directed "The Sea Gull" (reviewed here last week) didn't see and study the Russian film of another Chekhov play, "The Three Sisters," before he made his picture. The Russian movie is so far superior that it hardly seems possible that the two films are based on plays by the same author. It is true that "Three Sisters," written in 1901 some five years after "Sea Gull," is a more mature work and a better play, but both plays present similar life-as-it-is scenes and somewhat similar characters wallowing in self-pity, frustration, and despair. The Russians wisely photographed their movie in black and white which fits the Chekhov mood much better than the pretty color used in "Sea Gull." And this black-and-white photography is often quite beautiful, not only in the interior scenes but even more so in the lovely shots of the birch trees in the garden and woods surrounding the Prozorov house in the outskirts of a provincial garrison town to which the family had moved after leaving Moscow.

Also adding to the beauty in "Three Sisters" are the three attractive actresses in the title roles: Olga, the eldest, a schoolteacher getting rather spinsterish as she sees the prospects of marriage fading and longs to return to Moscow; Irina, the youngest, whom we first see as a vivacious girl enjoying the attentions of the officers from the garrison, and who then changes as the years go by into a restless woman bored with provincial life and yearning like her sister for Moscow; Masha, the middle sister, always wearing black, who is probably in mourning, like the girl in "Sea Gull," for her dull life, and who turns from her unexciting schoolteacher husband to the handsome battery commander whose wife threatens suicide but never commits it. Living with the sisters is their brother, a weak-willed dreamer who also has hopes of returning to Moscow but marries a local girl, Natasha, who makes up for her inferior social class by hen-pecking her husband, taking on a lover in town, and bit-by-bit becoming the head of this Prozorov household. So well are all the roles played

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in this many-character story that it is difficult to single out any one of the good Russian actors in the large cast. Samson Samsonov's direction is excellent throughout the film, in the two-character scenes as well as in the effective ensembles.

Since I had seen "The Three Sisters" in fine stage productions in recent years (A.P.A.'s in New York, and at the Drama School at Yale) I was curious as to how some of the long speeches would work out in a film with subtitles. While Samsonov, who wrote the screenplay, did some cutting from the Chekhov original, he caught the spirit of the play and Chekhov expertly; and the subtitles which further cut some of the speeches, are very good.

Once again one is impressed with Chekhov's ability to be objective about his depressed characters. Fortunately he calls "Three Sisters" a drama, not a comedy, as he did with the equally glum "Sea Gull." The sisters and their brother never get to Moscow; in fact all the people in the play, except the mean Natasha who finally dominates the house and even threatens to cut down those beautiful trees, are destined to failure. But at the finale, there is just a glimmer of hope. Olga says, "Our suffering will turn into joy for those who come after us . . . a little more and we shall know what we are living for, why we are suffering . . . If we only knew, if we only knew."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Precarious glory amidst a rising sense of gloom

Weimar Culture: The Outsider as Insider

PETER GAY

Harper and Row, $5.95

GUENTER LEWY

This is a little book on a big subject. In less than one hundred and fifty pages, Professor Gay, best known for his studies of the Enlightenment, surveys the artistic and intellectual currents of the ill-fated Weimar Republic. He gives us an interpretive essay rather than a complete history which means, unfortunately, that the book falls just a little bit between the proverbial two stools: the analysis of individual writers, artists or novels most likely will be found too brief by the specialist and yet too complex by the general reader. Some day, Professor Gay notes, he plans to publish a more definitive study of what he calls the Weimar Renaissance. Until that promise is redeemed this appetizer will have to suffice.

The subtitle of the book relates to the position of Germany's most talented intellectuals who had been largely unappreciated during the imperial period and who during the Weimar Republic occupied a leading position especially in theatre, publishing and journalism. Weimar culture, writes Gay, was the creation of outsiders, for a short, dizzying moment propelled by history into the inside. Their triumph was brief but long enough to give rise to a burst of creativity, experimentation with new forms and lasting distinction. The dazzling array of intellectuals forced into exile by the Nazi seizure of power in 1933 provides an illuminating testimony to Weimar's cultural accomplishments. Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Bertholt Brecht, Max Reinhardt, Ernst Cassirer are just some of the giants who populated these tumultuous years which Karl Mannheim, another exile, referred to as a new Periclean age.

And yet, the glory was always precarious, and anxiety and a rising sense of doom were present from the start. The Republic was born amidst national defeat, it had to face hunger, inflation and eventually depression. Small wonder that Weimar's politicians failed to save the life of the new and untried republican regime; the difficulties would have daunted the most experienced statesmen and men of such caliber were in short supply. Not that the collapse was inevitable. Despite a legacy of authoritarianism, a disastrous economic situation, structural flaws and other factors that can explain the death of the Weimar Republic, the ultimate descent into barbarism could have been prevented. The story of Weimar culture in large measure is also the story of intellectuals who failed in the realm of politics as decisively as they excelled in the sphere of cultural achievement.

From the beginning, the young Republic was unsuccessful in kindling the kind of passionate commitment and steadfast support that might have enabled it to overcome its many tribulations and liabilities. Too many Germans hated the Nazis but did not love the Republic. They learned to live with the new democratic regime but they never learned to value it or believe in its future. These men excelled in pointing out defects; they failed to realize that the new fragile and far from flawless Republic might become more deserving if enough deserving persons supported it.

In a sense, Weimar democracy was too successful to satisfy its critics and not successful enough to satisfy its well-wishers. Having failed to transform and democratize the machinery of the old order—the army, the civil service and the judiciary—the Republic became the prey of an increasingly aggressive attack from the right. At the same time, the radical left scorned an alliance with the democratic forces, the last hope for the preservation of the Republic. Weimar desperately needed rational politics but instead it experienced a

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revolt against reason that drowned out the voices of rationality. Writers like Ernst Jünger translated their experience of war into a nihilistic celebration of action and death. Philosophers like Heidegger evolved a disdainful rejection of modern urban rationalist civilization and thus provided encouragement and support for movements like that of the Nazis, who took pride in thinking with their blood and promised to stamp out reason and modernity once and for all. Some of Germany's most sensitive youth retreated from politics and sought escape in a youth movement that became an end in itself and made adolescence into an ideology; others allied themselves with extremist activists on the right and left. In vain did the novelist Jakob Wassermann point out that not all action is good simply because it is action, that feeling and disinterested idealism are not sufficient guides to the complexities of life and that an older and more experienced generation may have something to offer after all: "Not every forty-year-old." Wassermann told the rebellious German students in 1932, "is a criminal and an idiot for the simple reason that he is twenty years older than you are, not every fifty- or sixty-year old a reactionary and enemy, not every father a fool and not every son a hero and martyr."

Professor Gay resists the temptation that must have been strong to draw parallels between the political shortsightedness of many of Weimar's intellectuals and young people and the politics of the New Left in the 1960's. But the truly uncanny resemblances are there just the same. During the Weimar period left-of-center intellectuals scoffed at the *System* (the Weimar system) as today they rail against the establishment. The target then was the "militarist-conservative combine"—today it is the "industrial-military complex." There prevails the same celebration of action for the sake of action, the same discontent with the slow processes of democratic politics, the same hunger for total solutions that will usher in the reign of peace and justice, the same retreat from reality into a world of fancy, slogans and simplistic cure-alls, the same self-righteous moralism.

To point out these frightening parallels is not to suggest that the results of today's revolt against reason will be equally disastrous. Objective conditions are quite different, but even more importantly, as even that great determinist, Karl Marx, had to acknowledge, men make their own history. The overused but nevertheless profound saying of George Santayana remains true that only those refusing to learn the lessons of history are condemned to repeat its errors.

An Impersonation of Angels: a Biography of Jean Cocteau

FREDERICK BROWN

Viking $12.50

WALLACE FOWLIE

This is the first full-length biography of Jean Cocteau. Others will follow. At this moment Francis Steegmuller is also writing his interpretation of Cocteau's life. There will be doubtless many versions of his career, many theses about his personality, many varying assessments of his work. By his behavior, by his repetitious aphoristic pronouncements about art and life and about himself, Cocteau made himself vulnerable to the kind of treatment which Frederick Brown has seen fit to offer in *An Impersonation of Angels.*

It is a brilliant title. A student of contemporary French literature would know what it refers to, before reading the subtitle. Mr. Brown has been working on this project for several years, and he has accumulated a seemingly exhaustive supply of evidence: facts, stories, legends, documents, letters. Since this is the biography of a man he considers not so much an authentic artist as a sprite, and a babbling sprite at that, his book turns out to be a special kind of study, replete with anecdotes and portraits, not literary history in any strict sense, but assembled material that precedes literary history, that is related to literary history and that certainly will be used in literary history. One marvels at the thoroughness of the research this book represents. The critic has consulted not only all the published texts available, but many unpublished texts, and he has consulted directly with countless friends and enemies of Cocteau.

The writing is lively, witty, informative. Everything is used that could be used in throwing light on Cocteau's activities and motivations. It is clear from the beginning that Professor Brown does not like Cocteau, does not admire him in any way. At times in the book when this dislike appears blatant and almost ruthless, one finds it hard to account for his tireless care, for his meticulous investigations. He analyzes at great length the circumstances, and the various personalities involved in these circumstances, that are part of the genesis of several works of Cocteau. But he rarely permits himself to write any criticism or even interpretations of the works. Whenever he does write literary criticism, in flashes usually, it is very good. One wishes there were more. Those who, like this reviewer, admire Cocteau and who place him high among the truly creative, truly intelligent artists of modern France, would like to believe that if Frederick Brown had written a critical biography rather than a biography, Cocteau would have been redeemed in his eyes. I am thinking of an excellent passage, one page long, on page 310, where he points out a relationship between *Orphée* and *La Machine Infernale.*

The long lists of episodes and anecdotes in this biography are held together by a rigorously pursued thesis. Mr. Brown believes that Jean Cocteau, in his excessive love for other men (not essentially a sexual love) forfeited his own manhood. He analyzes several episodes of adulation when Cocteau expressed a deeply felt need, not to possess someone else, but to be someone else. As a very young man he literally played the part of Heliogabalus in order to attract and please and be the actor Edouard de Max. A bit later, he became the *boulevardier* in an imitation of Catulle Mondès. He was the esthete for Montesquiou. He called himself and felt himself to be Nathanaël, in order to approach Gide. In Cocteau's early

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meetings with Picasso, 1915-1916, he played Harlequin, a role dictated by Picasso, according to Mr. Brown's interpretation.

Even if this thesis of Cocteau's loss of virility in his exalted friendships may be difficult for some readers to accept, they will easily acknowledge the skill and the information with which Mr. Brown reports on these friendships: the diplomat Philippe Berthelot, the priest Abbé Mugnier, the poet Max Jacob, the philosopher Jacques Maritain, the composer Igor Stravinsky, the movie star Charlie Chaplin, the boxer Al Brown, the stage designer Christian Bérard. The women also, who advised and spoiled and fascinated Cocteau, are skillfully and at times mischievously portrayed by Mr. Brown: the poet Anna de Noailles who vied with Cocteau in loquaciousness, Marie-Laure de Noailles whose husband subsidized *Le Sang d'un poète*, Francine Weisweiller in whose villa, Santo Sospir, Cocteau and his adopted son Edouard Dermit lived during the fifties. A still further list is made up of younger men who occupied briefly an important place in the personal life of Cocteau: the writer Raymond Radiguet, in particular, the Algerian Marcel Khill, and the actor Jean Marais.

Cocteau's world comes to life on the pages of Frederick Brown. Despite the derogatory terms he often uses to describe Cocteau: "court jester," society's buffoon, the compulsive self-promoter, the veritable Pied Piper, followed by "nubile youths," the aged cockatoo, a yoyo always "reeling back to Paris," he makes of the age itself a period of art and literature and theater, fashioned, at least to some degree, by this impersonating angel. Against the intense varied fertility of that age that produced Apollinaire and Proust, Picasso and Matisse, Milhaud and Stravinsky, the histrionics and the exhibitionisms of Cocteau are so stressed in Mr. Brown's portrayal, that one forgets the inner forces of self-discipline that must have existed throughout this life story.

Although Mr. Brown has reservations about the ultimate value of several works of Cocteau, he is less harsh about the artistic accomplishments than

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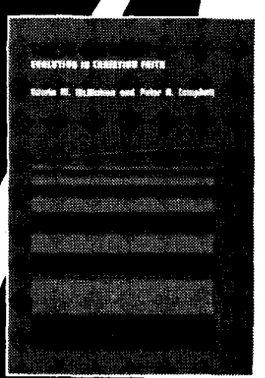

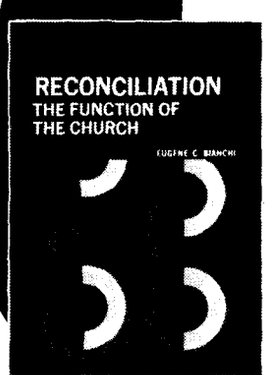

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about the life and the character of the artist. The visible part of Cocteau's life is wittily and exhaustively recorded in this first major biography. Cocteau knew this would happen, and dreaded it. On countless occasions he claimed he could not recognize himself in the legends he heard about himself. Mr. Brown does provide facts for the justification of some of these legends. For others, where facts are impossible to uncover, they are, and will be, perpetuated for some time to come.

As Jean Cocteau grows into himself, in accordance with Mallarmé's line about Poe, which Mr. Brown quotes, the life will be separated from the work. And the ultimate value of *An Impersonation of Angels* will be the colorful, richly documented history of that age in French letters when the word "angel" perplexed and tempted so many artists and so many critics of artists.

A History Of Theology

YVES M-J. CONGAR, O.P.

Doubleday, $5.95

ALBERT L. SCHLITZER

There never was a time, perhaps, when there was a more urgent need than today to go back to the origins of theology, to the discovery of its own identity and proper methodology, to its successes and its failures. Many contemporary theologians have the feeling of having lost course and carry on their task frustrated and perplexed. Others in the face of general upheaval blithely pursue their own way fashioning an individualistic theology to their own image and satisfaction. Theology today suffers corrosive forces from within and attacks from without. Social sciences, psychology and philosophy question the value of theology and threaten to supplant it. Some time ago a well-known Catholic layman criticized men such as Rahner and Schillebeeckx for attempting to push forward in theology, when, if they would read the times, they would know that theology is irrelevant. It would seem that in secular society the "death of God" also tolls the death of theology.

History shows that theology has gone through serious crises before and came out the better for the experience. Theologians today must reorientate themselves, but can hardly do so successfully if they are ignorant of history. As they push forward they must also push back and reestablish vital contact with the origins of their "science."

One might expect Congar's *A History of Theology* to fill the urgent need of the time. Here is a highly respected theologian whose well grounded yet for his time "radical" views exercised considerable influence on the proceedings of the Second Vatican Council. Here is a keenly perceptive theologian whose penetrating insights are matched by critical scholarship.

Yet it is a disappointing book on the whole. First of all it is misleading to call it a "history of theology." In its original form the manuscript was contributed to the *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique* as an article entitled "Théologie." The main thrust of the article is the presentation of the author's views on Thomistic theology with a preliminary historical survey setting the stage. The result is a sketchy history, certainly inadequate to stand by itself and to be called a history of theology.

Further, the book betrays the age of its original and basic manuscript. This was handed to the editors of the *DTC* in September 1939. Since that time much has happened to theology and a great number of historical studies have been published. Congar seems to be unacquainted with such studies, such as that of Heiko Oberman on Nominalism in the middle ages. Half-heartedly he tries to bring the history up-to-date with a sentence or two. But this is not the way to take history seriously.

More, the book is too narrow in its treatment of theology. In general no one can quarrel with an author's limiting the scope of his subject. Congar confines his view to Catholic theology, and indeed to Thomistic theology. One may question, however, whether such a narrow focus does not distort and impoverish theology. The theologian who works in a self-imposed ghetto will inevitably suffer a kind of theological anemia.

Surely Congar does not have such a low opinion of Protestant theology of the 19th and 20th century as to ignore its very existence. Yet he has not a word to say about it. In contrast with this narrowness of view is the recent "Statement" of theologians to the Holy See, of which Congar is one of the signers, warning against "the appearance of being partial and biased in favor of a certain school of theology," and urging consideration for "the legitimate pluriformity of modern theological schools and of forms of mental outlook." Granted that this appeal applies in the first place to "pluriformity" among Catholic scholars, but in fact in this day of ecumenical dialogue Catholics cannot remain unaffected by Protestant thought. Perhaps if Catholics had given more attention to the history of Protestant theology they would not find themselves so deeply in their present predicament. Catholics today are repeating Protestant mistakes of the past.

Congar gives little or no attention to some of the more pressing problems of Catholic theological methodology today, such as the relation of the work of

"NOT SINCE WATERLOO *have Swedes/ Soiled themselves with martial deeds./ No one seemed to suffer pains/ Watching Bismark rape the Danes./ Similarly, Sweden passed/ When the crazy Kaiser massed./ Nor did Norway's awful fate/ Make the Swedish escalate./ Finally, they've struck a blow!/ Sweden's recognizing Ho.*"

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REVIEWERS

GUENTER LEWY, a professor of government at the University of Massachusetts, is the author of *The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany.*

WALLACE FOWLIE is James B. Duke professor of French at Duke University. His most recent book is *The French Critic: 1549-1967.*

FATHER ALBERT L. SCHLITZER, C.S.C., teaches theology at the University of Notre Dame.

DOON ARBUS is a free-lance writer.

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the theologian to the Magisterium and academic freedom in the university. Yet the "Statement" to which Congar gave his signature is an appeal for freedom. "We are fully aware that we theologians can err in our theology. We are convinced, however, that erroneous theological conceptions cannot be rooted out by force. In our world they can only be put right and corrected by free and unimpeded objective argument and debate among scholars, in which the truth can gain the victory through and by itself."

Notes From the New Underground: An Anthology

JESSE KORNBLUTH, Ed.

Viking, $7.50

DOON ARBUS

Things are happening very fast right now. At least that's what everybody thinks, which is probably the same thing. So any attempt to define where it's at is doomed at the outset because by the time anybody gets to read it, it's all over. At best it can be a morsel of history, at worst, only a blur.

Jesse Kornbluth, a 22-year-old New Yorker and recent graduate of Harvard, has put together a collection of articles dealing with the Youth Revolution, its hopes and hazards. In addition to a number of pieces from underground newspapers, his selections include the works of people who surfaced a long time ago like Richard Poirier, Paul Goodman, William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg. On the other hand, there is an inexplicable absence of any works representing the New Left. The motives behind Kornbluth's choices are more than a little bewildering and, since each piece was originally intended to be a self-sufficient statement, the over-all result is a series of assertions that continually erase one another. In the end, the only common ground these articles share is the fact that they all appear between the covers of this book.

I mean Guy Strait (which has to be a pseudonym, right?) insists that "Many people cannot understand the hippies' rejection of everything that is commonly expected of the individual in regard to employment and life goals . . . It is precisely this security hypochondria, *this checking of bank books rather than pulses* . . . that drives the youth of today away." And then along comes Liza Williams: "Hippiebums give you presents, like dirty feathers or one bead or the clap . . . You're materialistic they mumble at you as they drag themselves out your door, their pockets stuffed with peanut butter sandwiches." And just in case you may think you've figured out what hippies are all about, there's Paul Williams who tells you, "See it's hard to explain to a lot of you what a hippie really is because a lot of you really think a hippie *is* something. You don't realize that the word is just a convenience picked up by the press to personify a social change thing that's beginning to happen to young people."

Perhaps the most troublesome aspect of these perpetual contradictions is that they could be exhilarating. A satisfying description need not be dogmatic and

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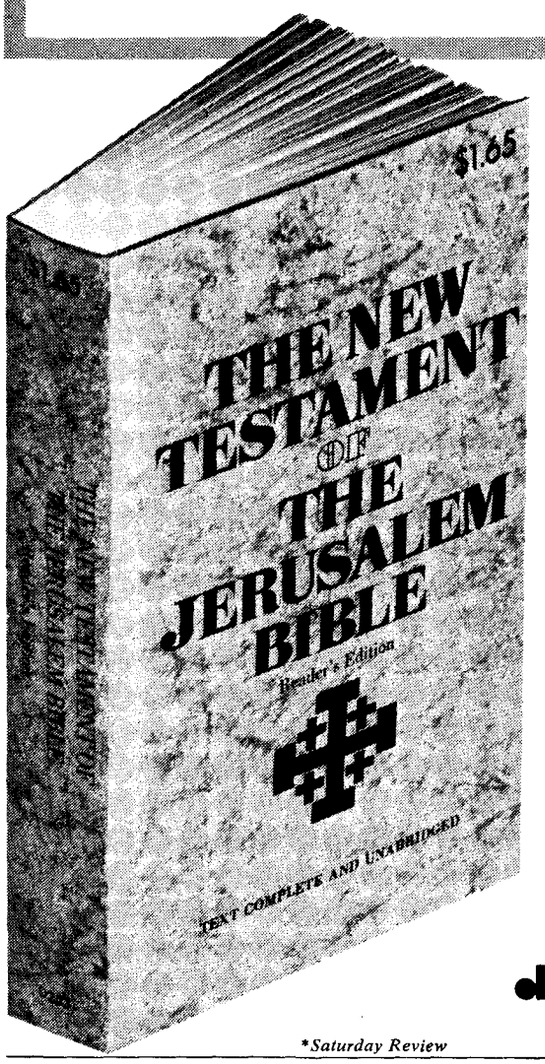

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**Saturday Review*

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one-sided. In fact, it's usually more effective if it keeps shaking you up. But for some reason, the total effect here is more exhausting than exhaustive.

I find the articles didactic, coercive and totally humorless. Each writer seems to have too much at stake, an overpowering need to be right, and can't afford to give the reader any leeway. The more concerned the writer is with freedom, the less of it he permits his reader. In his introduction, Kornbluth says, "Quite simply, an underground paper is written by the alienated for the alienated." There is something a little incestuous and self-congratulatory about the tone of underground writing. Nevertheless, the definition is inaccurate because the alienated already know what's being said here. The articles are addressed not to them, but to the establishment, to "plastic up-tight America." Yet these people are not the ones who read underground newspapers, so by indirection, the alienated may derive some comfort from these works. They delineate a common enemy, an enemy who is conveniently absent. And it appears that these writers would be at a loss if they couldn't find somebody who was against them. I always thought the strongest position was one which required no enemies in order to secure itself.

There are some exceptions in the book, the most notable being a long article by Richard Poirier, "Learning from the Beatles," which was originally published in the *Paris Review*. It is a remarkably graceful discussion of the Beatles' performing style, their music, the subtleties of their lyrics. Poirier has a great advantage over the other writers in this book because his concern is not with the importance of the Youth revolution, an abstract phenomenon at best, but with the Beatles and what their work is really about.

The book also has some funny moments, but they are almost accidental and by the time you get to them you're so sullen from all the scoldings you've been given that you are in great danger of passing over them with a scowl.

Strategic Moment

At the outset the Nixon Administration faces a number of crucial decisions: how to end the war in Vietnam, avert Biafran starvation, control the arms race and thermonuclear proliferation, stem deepening world poverty and heightening terrorism in the Middle East—to cite a few. Here at home the new Administration has to deal with such challenges as decaying inner cities, racial strife, inflation, widespread hunger, public-service strikes and turmoil in our schools.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 607)

from convents in Formosa and Africa are an indication.

But the stopper is "one primary school as late as last year had a 65 percent bussed-in, white enrollment." For years the public schools have been trying to encourage this. Has even one in the metropolitan area successfully bussed in white students to an elementary school in a Negro community? Nativity school has done so in Bedford-Stuyvesant for the past twenty-five years. Last year, though, to correct the prophet, the percentage was fifteen for whites in the school. This year it is approximately ten. How far off can you be? Even in a tribute?

What if all the black Catholic high school students were assigned to the nearest diocesan secondary school? Wouldn't there be the more serious charge of segregation? They go to

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Bishops Ford, McDonnell and Loughlin and Nazareth High Schools. And their number is well over a hundred, please, not twenty-one. There are almost the latter number of girls from one parish in Bishop McDonnell High. What two schools does the article refer to?

The "married black clergy . . . [is] . . . the only sane solution." But a white priest is making this suggestion. Wouldn't it be better to discuss this with the black clergy? And maybe make it optional instead of forcing them to marry?

Finally, a ferverino for the author! Take it or leave it! The Brooklyn priests are praying for you. Even the *Tablet* calls your job "one of the most difficult in the Diocese." Whatever you are doing, stick at it!

Meanwhile, from your ranch, Father, please feel free to drop in and visit Nativity School. It's only three blocks from you. Observe your confreres at St. Peter Claver's. They're only two blocks away. After that pass your judgments and make your criticisms, if that's what you deem your job to be.

Right now it isn't any bushel basket that's burning. It's those you inaccurately described. I didn't think they would write for themselves. They're good. I'm not. So I did.

REV. W. J. CULLEN
Pastor, St. Rose of Lima

Brooklyn

To the Editors: Father William Duncan's grape-shot blast at the Church in the inner-city was prompted not because he "loved (it) less, but too strongly."

I read deep sorrow in his survey of the Church's response to the poor; the reluctance to experiment; the fear of losing more young priests; of trusting "hostile" black groups. I sense real pain when he sees fiscal controls carefully measured; exasperated decision-makers going against their better judgment because proposals are "too controversial" or accountability too loose or progress reports too sporadic.

I register similar disheartenment when it becomes clear that the Church stands awkward and estranged before the black man. The Church in Brooklyn has a biography, and it is white. Its personnel, leadership, benefactors are white and in large measure so are its beneficiaries. If we could chart the dollar flow from the contributor's pocket back into the services rendered—it would embarrassingly show that the lion's share of revenue collected is plowed back in services (schools, church, youth, etc.) to the very same hands that offered it.

A good deal of Father Duncan's pain comes from seeing that the clock has run out—there is no time left.

Certainly I subscribe to his theory that the days of colonialism and paternalism are over. Even the euphoric early days of the poverty program have fizzled. For the Church to adopt these styles is to compound the miscues of the past. The days of hat-in-hand asking is past too. Blacks and Puerto Ricans feel, and rightly so, that the volumes of rhetoric already written either should have converted the establishment or effectively turned it off. If the public dollar is doled out with any number of restrictive guidelines, then the private buck must fill the void.

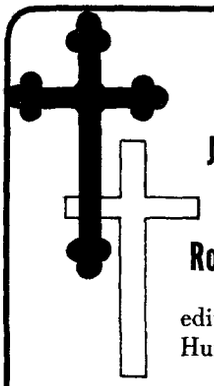
Church funds particularly can be funneled to genuinely "sewer-level" programs that enable minority groups to conceive, control and operate totally programs designed for change.

Here is where the Church balks. Can a bishop bankroll programs many in his diocese oppose? Is Catholic Charities a good steward of moneys received when some on its payroll are arrested for encouraging children to go truant in a community school controversy?

It is too easy for the beleaguered working-class white to find his budget too tight rather than contribute to groups demanding "more money now" from the Welfare Department. And the ecclesiastical decision-makers know it.

Nor is the *Commonweal* broadside without positive content. There is no argument whether schools, day care services and youth centers are needed in the inner city; but it takes no great insight to oppose duplications. If the voluntary dollar, as well as the thrust for change, is to be utilized to its maximum—it must "run where the brave dare not go."

REV. NEIL SULLIVAN
Assistant Director, Catholic Charities



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